

DENVIR'S

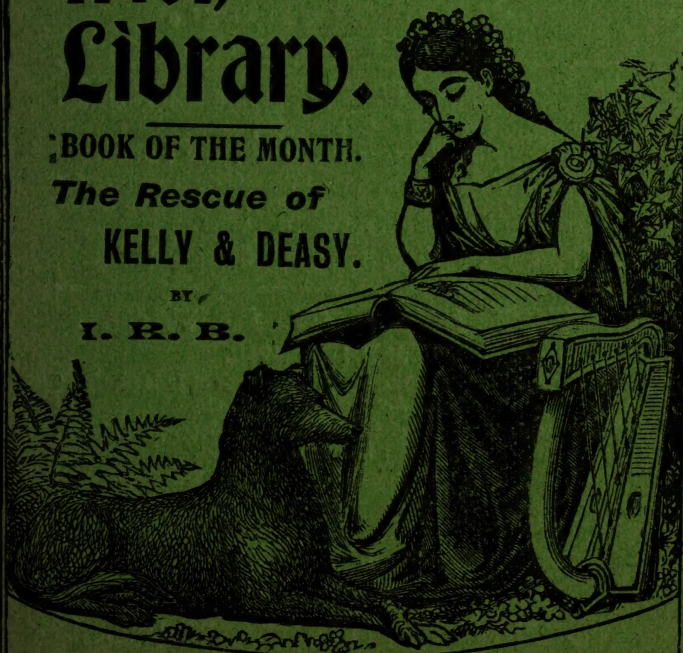
**Monthly
Irish = =
Library.**

BOOK OF THE MONTH.

The Rescue of
KELLY & DEASY.

BY

I. R. B.



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June—"John Mitchel." By John Bannon.
July—"Art MacMurrough." By Daniel Crilly.
August—"Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denvir.
September—"Robert Emmet." By John Hand.
October—"Daniel O'Connell." By Slieve Donard.
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(IN PREPARATION.)

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DENYIR'S MONTHLY



Irish Library.

"IRELAND A NATION."

No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

THE FATHER O'COIGLY MEMORIAL.

All honour to the Irishmen of London, who inaugurated and have completed this memorial. As in doing this they have incurred a heavy financial responsibility, we trust they will get the generous support of their countrymen elsewhere, particularly in Great Britain, as Father O'Coigly was the only martyr for Ireland on British soil, in 1798.

The memorial consists of three stained glass windows and a tablet, erected in the Catholic church at Maidstone, which is near Pennenden Heath, the place of execution. The windows, representing St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Francis Assisi, are magnificent specimens of Irish Art, by Mr. John Early, of Dublin. The tablet, which is of polished Irish limestone, is by Mr. Michael O'Doherty, of London, and is also a fine specimen of Irish art.

At the unveiling of the memorials, after the requiem Mass, Father Peter Murphy, of St. Ann's, Underwood Street, London, delivered an eloquent panegyric on the life and death of the martyred priest.

Ὁ Ἀ ὈΤΕΙῚῚῚῚῚ-SE SIAR.

[In response to the wish of a number of friends, who suggest that translations from Irish songs and poems into English should be given in preference to translations from English originals, we here give a beautiful piece from Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Love Songs of Connaught," with a very fine translation, on the opposite page, by Mr. Thomas Boyd, one of our valued contributors.

This is not the first time this procedure has been followed, as "Cailín deap chárúite na mbó," by Mr. Timothy M'Sweeney, in our July number, and "Rorc-caeta eoḡain ruairé uí héilt," by Mr. Thomas Flannery, in the August number, were originally written in Irish by these gentlemen, who, with Mr. W. P. Ryan and others, have given valuable assistance in the Gaelic department.]

Ὁ Ἀ ὈΤΕΙῚῚῚῚῚ-PE PIAI IP ANIAI NÍ TIUCFAINN,
 AI AN ḡ-CNOG DO B'ÁIRDE IP AI A PEARFAINN,
 'S Í AN ÉMAOB CÚMARÉTA IP TÚIRGE BAINFINN
 'SUR IP É MO ḡPÁD PÉIN IP LUATE LEANFAINN.

ΤἈ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙῚΕ ΕΟΜ ΤΟΥΒ ΛΕ ΑΙΡΜΕ,
 ΝΑ ΛΕ ΣΥΛ ΤΟΥΒ ΤΟΙḡΡῚΕ Ι ḡ-CEAPITAIῚ,
 ΛΕ ΒΟΝΝ ΒΡΟΙḡΕ ΑΙ ΗΛΛΑΙῚῚῚ ΒΑΝΑ,
 'S ΤΑ ΛΙΟΝΝΤΟΥΒ ΜΟΡΙ ΟΡ CIONN ΜΟ ḡΑΙΡΜΕ.

ΤἈ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙῚΕ-PE ΒΡÚḡḡTE ΒΗΡΙḡΕ,
 ΜΑΡΙ ΛΕΑC-ΟΙῚΜΕ ΑΙΡΙ ΥΑḢΤΑΡΙ ΥΙΡḡΕ,
 ΜΑΡΙ ΒΕΑῚ CNUAPAC ENÓ ΛΕΙΡ Α ΜΒΗΡΙḡΕ,
 ΝΑ ΜΑΙḡΘΕΑΝ Óḡ ΛΕΙΡ Α ΠÓΡΤΑ.

ΤἈ ΜΟ ḡPÁD-PA AI ὈἈC NA PMÉAMA,
 'S ΑΙΡΙ ὈἈC NA PÚḡ-ÉMAOB, ΛΑ ΒΡΕἈḡ ḡPÉIME,
 ΑΙΡΙ ὈἈC NA BPMAOḢÓḡ BUῚ ΟΥῚΒΕ ΑΝ ΤΡΛΕΙΒΕ
 'SUR IP ΜΙΜΙC ΒΙ CEANN ΤΟΥΒ ΑΙ ΕῚΛΛΑῚῚ ḡΛÉḡIT.

ΙΡ ΜΙῚῚΟ ΤΑΜ-PA ΑΝ ΒΑΙΛΕ ΡΕΟ PÁḡBAIT,
 ΙΡ ḡΕΥΡΙ ΑΝ ΕῚΟḢ 'SUR IP PUAIP AN ΛΑΙΒ ANN,
 ΙΡ ΑΝΝ Α PUAIPPEAR ΣΥῚ ḡAN ÉAῚÁIT,
 ΔḡSUR POCAL TPOM Ó LUḢC AN ΘΙOῚÁIN.

PYASPAIM AN ḡPÁD, IP ΜΑΙΡḡ DO ΕΥḡ É
 DO MAC NA MNÁ ÚO, ΑΡΙΑΜ ΝΑΡΙ ΤΥḡ É,
 ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙῚΕ ΑΝΝ ΜΟ ΛΑΡΙ ΣΥΡΙ PÁḡBUIḡ PÉ ΤΟΥΒ É,
 'S ΝÍ PÉICIM ΑΙΡΙ ΑΝ ΤΡPÁῚO ΝΑ Ι Ν-ΑΙῚ ΑΙΡΙ ΒΙḢ É.

I WOULD GO INTO THE WEST.

I would go into the West,
 Lonely here I cannot rest ;
 Were I only in the West
 I would never more return.
 I would come to my delight,
 I would climb the highest height,
 And yet higher still above
 Would I follow mine own love,
 And would pluck the scented branch
 Of the blossom and the thorn.

Dark the heart within me borne,
 Dark as wild-sloe of the thorn ;
 As the stone of darkness dire
 Thrown into the smith's red fire,
 As the shadowed foot that falls
 Black within white gleaming halls,
 It is heavy, it is dark,
 And my laughter none may mark ;
 It is dead with sorrow dark
 And the weight of my desire.

Ah, my heart is overborne,
 Broken, broken, bruised and torn,
 As the ice that melts and breaks
 In black waters of the lakes,
 As the fruit of broken rind,
 Withered in the bitter wind,
 As the maiden of the poor
 Torn from out her father's door
 When the lighted feast is o'er,
 And the lover love forsakes.

Oh, my love is dark and bright—
 Dark as berries of the night,
 Bright as berries all aglow
 That in sunny gardens grow.
 Sweet for lip and sweet for eye,
 Dewy-bright the living dye.
 Dark as, on the mountain track,
 Wild heath-berries, azure-black,
 Oh, his head, black-curved, has lain
 Often on a breast of snow.

It is time that I should go
 From this place of joy and woe,
 Where I hear the heavy sound
 Of the name that I have found ;
 Where they take in cruel theft
 All the little, love has left.
 I will leave this bitter town,
 Where the dark words drag me down,
 Where the very ground is cold,
 And the very stones—they wound.

Bitter blame on love I lay ;
 I with love am cast away.
 Little knew that woman's son
 Of the riches he had won,
 Or he would not leave my heart
 Aching, breaking with the smart.
 Yet I look that we may meet,
 Yet I seek in field and street ;
 But no more beneath the sun
 Shall I meet him—he is gone !

SEANCHUS.

Mr. Michael O'Mahony will be the speaker at the Manchester Martyrs' Commemoration of the Dublin Irish Literary Society, on November 21.

Our "Book of the Month," for December, "Dr. John O'Donovan," will be an able and scholarly production, worthy of the high reputation of the author, Mr. Thomas Flannery.

We intend supplying handsome cloth cases, post free for 10d., in which to bind our twelve monthly numbers when completed. The Volume for 1902 will be issued along with the December number, bound in coloured cover for 1s., post free 1s. 3d. ; and elegantly bound in cloth for 2s., post free 2s. 4d. Early orders will oblige.

We intend catering for what we, perhaps, ought to call "Younger Ireland," by the production, shortly, of a book of "Irish Rhymes." Price One Penny. There will be a beautiful picture on each page with a suitable "rhyme"—quaint, and at the same time, "racy of the soil." The Rhyme Book is a monument of Irish versatility, being entirely the production of the pencil and pen of *William O'Dubáin*, for many years a successful illustrator for the great English pictorial publishing houses.

"Ireland sends you her greatest singer," recently wrote his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, in his message to the Celts of Philadelphia, who were gathering to welcome Mr. William Ludwig to the Feis Ceoil agus Seanchus held there. At this great celebration our famous Irish singer received a well deserved ovation at the hands, not only of Irishmen, but of their kindred Celts of Scotland, Wales, and Brittany. The whole of the Philadelphia programme will be rendered at Mr. Ludwig's November Concerts in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and London. In the stately *Ulster caoine*, racy Dublin or Munster street song, and in his singing in Irish of "The County of Mayo," he is sure to evoke tremendous enthusiasm.

"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"

OR

THE RESCUE OF KELLY & DEASEY.

CHAPTER I. THE REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD.

WHEN the "Young Ireland" movement of 1848 was broken up and most of its brilliant leaders imprisoned or forced into exile, England no doubt thought that at length the spirit of the Irish people was totally crushed, and that the reduced population it might be safe still to leave in the country could now be used as the drudges of the empire. Green Erin might now become England's kitchen garden, and the Viceroy patronizingly told an assemblage of Irishmen that the true destiny of their country was to be "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds"—in other words that their great end and aim in life was to supply beef and mutton for their English masters.

But though the seed sown in 1848 appeared for a time to have sunk into barren soil, it was destined to fructify, and the generation growing up into manhood eagerly drank in the soul-stirring lessons in prose and poetry which were the legacy left them by "Young Ireland."

Millions of their relatives too who had fled from the famine, with vengeance in their hearts against the government calling itself "civilised" which had allowed its "subjects" to die of starvation, found a home in free America. As a natural consequence, these, in their communications with their friends and relatives at home, became the medium of spreading republican ideas in Ireland.

The first manifestation the British Government received that there was still in existence the slightest ember of disaffection was the discovery in Cork and Kerry of the "Phoenix Society." So little importance however was attached to the affair that the young men who were convicted of seeking to overthrow British rule were not severely dealt with. But a more formidable organisation succeeded this, spreading rapidly in many parts of Ireland, and extending also to America. The time has perhaps not yet come when those who are capable of writing the full history of this great movement can give it to the world. In Ireland the society was a secret one, as a matter of necessity, if it had to exist at all, and not from choice. To those who were aware of its existence it was known as the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. In America the members of the confederacy adopted the fanciful title of the "Fenian Brotherhood," after the name of the ancient Irish militia. Although the peculiar construction of the circles of which the Brotherhood was formed rendered the organisation like a ship built in water-tight compartments, the Government from an early period of its existence must have had considerable information of its doings through its hired spies and informers. This was very evident, for when the swoop was made upon the *Irish People* newspaper office, in addition to the documents there seized, there was sufficient evidence to convict the leading spirits who were at the time arrested. But while the Government had spies and informers in

the ranks of the Brotherhood, the Dublin Castle authorities had some idea that they were in this respect being somewhat foiled with their own weapons, and although no complicity could be proved, there were misgivings that amongst the most trusted Government officials there were members of the secret confederacy. How else, it was argued, could the daring escape from Richmond prison of the leading spirit of the organisation, the Head Centre, James Stephens, be explained?

In America, the civil war had trained many thousands of Irishmen to the use of arms, and these in vast numbers swelled the ranks of the Fenian Brotherhood. After a time dissensions arose, and the organisation became split into two "wings," the one having for its leader John O'Mahony, and the other Colonel W. R. Roberts. The arrival of Stephens did not heal the breach, and so much did the division of forces paralyze the movement that the Head Centre did not think it prudent to carry out his expressed intention of taking the field in Ireland at the beginning of 1867. The hot spirits in Ireland and Great Britain were dissatisfied at this, the more so that a great number of Irish American officers had found their way across the Atlantic to take their respective commands when the signal for action would be given. The result was the baffled movement on Chester to seize the castle and armoury, the premature outburst in Kerry, and finally the simultaneous rising in several parts of Ireland on Shrove Tuesday, 1867, with its almost immediate suppression. In the absence of James Stephens the direction of the organisation had now devolved upon Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, an Irish-American officer, on whose behalf, together with Captain Deasey, there was done in a great city in the heart of England a deed so daring, that even in the pages of the most sensational romance it would be difficult to find its equal.

CHAPTER II. CAPTURE OF COLONEL KELLY AND
CAPTAIN DEASEY.

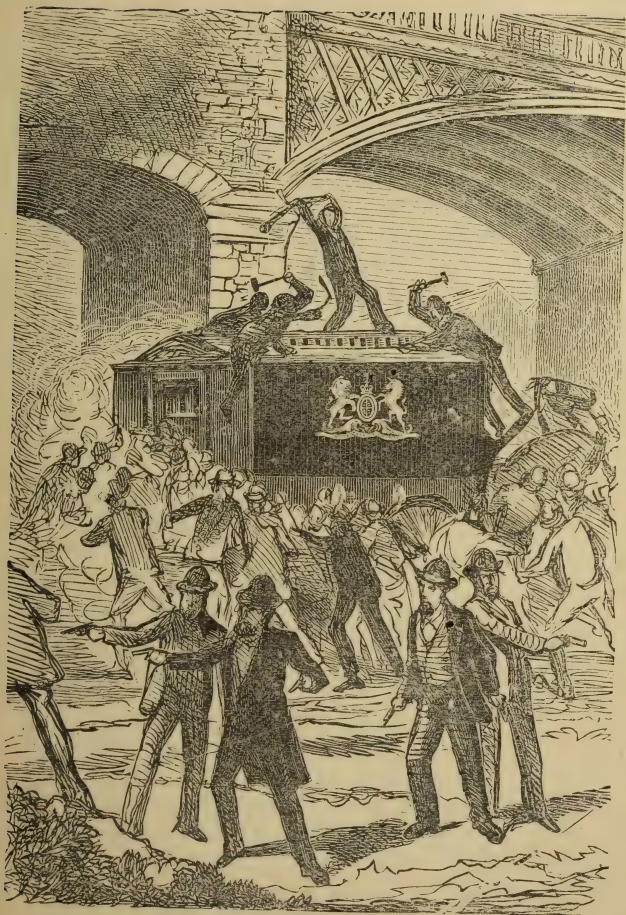
ALTHOUGH the failure of the rising in Ireland was discouraging to the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, it was not so disastrous as it might have been, and it would appear that Colonel Kelly now considered it his duty to reorganise the circles in the various parts of Ireland and Great Britain. This would account for his presence in Manchester early on the morning of September 11, 1867, when he, with Captain Deasey, was arrested in Oak Street; two other companions making their escape. The policemen who arrested them were not aware of the importance of the capture they had made. Their suspicions had been aroused from a casual observation they had heard dropped from one of Kelly's party, and the unusual hour of their being abroad, so that the guardians of the night concluded they were either burglars or engaged in some other illegal enterprize. On being brought to the police station Kelly gave his name as Martin Williams, a bookbinder, and Deasey as John Whyte, a hatter. On being searched, loaded revolvers were found upon them, and this, together with their Irish-American accent, led to some suspicion on the part of the jail officials. They were charged before one of the city magistrates under the Vagrant Act, and remanded on the application of the police, who thought they could find evidence which would connect them with the Fenian conspiracy. It was very soon found that, in the persons of the supposed bookbinder and hatter, the Manchester authorities had accidentally succeeded in capturing two of the most noted leaders of the revolutionary organisation. On being again brought before the magistrates on Wednesday, September, 18, they were declared by the

police authorities to be Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey, that they had been connected with the rising in Ireland and that there was warrents issued against them for treason-felony. They were accordingly again remanded. In the meantime a telegram was received from Dublin Castle putting the Manchester authorities on their guard against a plot which had been entered upon for the rescue of the prisoners. Additional precautions were therefore taken for their safe custody, and we shall see how far these were successful.

CHAPTER III. RESCUE OF KELLY AND DEASEY.

BEING fully aware of the identity of the prisoners, and having received a knowledge of their intended rescue, the police authorities now took extraordinary measures to frustrate any such design. When the captives were being removed from the court to the prison van, they had to pass through a double line of policemen. The van had several compartments with a passage up the middle. The only prisoners in the van who were handcuffed were Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey, and theirs were the only compartments which were locked. The other occupants of the van were three women who had been convicted of misdemeanour, and a boy, who was being taken to prison previous to being sent to a reformatory. In addition to these there was the policeman in charge, Serjeant Brett, who was armed with a cutlass and sat on a seat in the passage near the door, which having been locked, the keys were handed in through a grating in the upper portion of it to the constable. In charge of the van there were twelve policemen, of whom the driver and four others sat in front, two rode on the steps behind, Brett kept

guard inside, and the four others followed close behind in a cab. They now drove away through some of the principal streets of the city until some two miles had been traversed which brought them close to the point where the railway arch obliquely crosses the Hyde Road, and where the houses are more thinly scattered and the ground mostly devoted to brickfields. Just as they passed under the railway arch two men with revolvers stopped the way, one of whom, presenting his weapon, cried, "Stop the van." The driver attempted to force a passage, but a bullet fired over his head to intimidate him, and another into one of the horses effectually brought the van to a standstill. Meanwhile, as if by magic, there sprang from their ambuscade behind the walls that lined the road, and from the shadow of the abutments of the arch, a body of determined men, dressed, said the English papers, better than ordinary workingmen, and armed for the most part with revolvers, and at the sight the police fled panic stricken. Though it was evident these men had come prepared to accomplish at all hazards the object they had in view, it was also equally evident that they wished to do so without bloodshed; for their volley of pistol shots and stones were directed over the heads of the guardians of the van, who were beaten off at the first onset. Their plan of action must have been skilfully prepared. With military precision, one portion of the men formed an extended circle outside of the van, and with revolvers in hand kept at bay the police and mob who now rallied to their assistance. Meanwhile another detachment of the men, who appeared to have been detailed for that duty, quickly addressed themselves to the breaking open of the van. The military ability displayed is not surprising when we learn that two of those daring men, Edward O'Meagher Condon, and Michael O'Brien, had been accustomed as officers to the command of fighting men in many a fierce encounter in the American civil



THE RESCUE OF KELLY AND DEASEY.

war. None, however, appear to have displayed greater activity than the heroic young mechanic, William Philip Allen, who from the nature of his previous occupation was probably judged to be one of the best adapted for the mechanical work of the bold enterprize—namely, the breaking open of the van. Michael Larkin too appears to have displayed great energy in the attack on the van. The evidence of the witnesses with regard to the part he played in the action went to show that he was one of the party who most freely used his revolver, and in this they either were grossly mistaken or perjured themselves, for although this noble hearted Irishman was prepared to give his life for his country's cause, as a matter of fact, which is now well authenticated, Michael Larkin never fired a pistol shot in his lifetime. The van was assailed in various ways, the great object being, of course, to accomplish the work in the shortest possible time, as every moment was bringing fresh reinforcements to the police and mob. These made frequent rushes at their opponents, being each time beaten off: the Irishmen still using their weapons rather to intimidate than to take life, as was shown from the fact that only two of their opponents were wounded, one in the foot, and the other in the thigh. While some ascended the roof and were forcing an opening with crowbars, hammers, hatchets, and huge stones, others attempted to force the door of the van where the brave man Serjeant Brett stood on guard inside, refusing to surrender the keys. At the commencement of the fray he appears to have opened the ventilator in the upper portion of the door to see who were his assailants. Seeing them he exclaimed, according to the testimony of Emma Halliday, one of the females in the van—"Oh! my God, its these Fenians," at the same time endeavouring to shut the ventilator, while one of the men outside tried to prevent his doing so. As the time was now rapidly flying and the party on

the roof seemed to be making but slow progress in demolishing the stout woodwork of the van, those who sought to force the door became still more eager to gain an entrance in this way. The brave policeman, however, resolutely refused to give up the keys, when at length a shot was fired through the keyhole into the lock, with the view of shattering it. Immediately a voice was heard inside (one of the women's) exclaiming—"He's killed." The bullet intended to force the lock had entered the head of Brett, the wound in a short time proving fatal. Although the slaying of Brett was afterwards called murder (which under any circumstances it could not possibly be) this brave man's death was clearly an accident, which probably none would deplore more than the man whose hand fired the fatal bullet. The other female occupant of the van, Ellen Cooper, now, at the demand of the assailants, took the keys from the wounded man, and handed them out through the ventilator, and the door being opened, poor Brett fell out into the road. The men now rushed in, and having the keys, at once opened the compartments in which their leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey were confined, Allen exclaiming in the exultation and excitement of the moment as he warmly greeted his chief, "Kelly, I'll die for you." Alas! the after event proved that his words were prophetic, for on the scaffold he did indeed yield up his life in testimony of his loyalty to his leader and to his country. The two liberated prisoners, still handcuffed, were at once hurried across the adjoining field and out of sight of the police and mob who yelled with baffled rage as they saw their victims thus torn from their grasp. A few brave men stood their ground—sacrificing themselves to cover the retreat of their leaders. These were now hotly followed up by an overwhelming force. So closely did they press upon Allen that he had not time to reload his revolver, and at length he was captured at

Beswick, after being assailed in the most cowardly and brutal manner. Condon too, and the handful of his companions, now they felt satisfied that Kelly and Deasey must have got securely away, as they retreated from the scene of action were surrounded by an overwhelming force, and after being brutally treated, captured and lodged in jail. The authorities enraged at their power being so set at defiance in the open day, seemed resolved to have victims of some kind or other upon whom to wreak their vengeance. Accordingly that night witnessed for the Irish in Manchester a reign of terror, raids being made upon the quarters of the city where they chiefly lived, so that during the night about sixty Irishmen were dragged from their homes and thrown into jail. On the same evening, the two men whose liberty had been effected in such a daring manner, were seen by some brickmakers to enter a cottage near Clayton Bridge, handcuffed, and to quit it a few minutes afterwards with their hands free.

A large reward was offered by Government for their apprehension. All the efforts of the police to discover the whereabouts of Kelly and Deasey were unavailing, and no bribe could shake the fidelity of those who kept them in concealment, and subsequently aided their flight to America, after the two Irish-American chiefs had gone through some hair-breadth escapes and extraordinary adventure.

CHAPTER IV. TRIAL OF THE RESCUERS—THE CRY FOR BLOOD.



HE telegraphic wires flashed the news of the Hyde Road action over the land, and throughout England men were panic stricken at the audacious rescue of the so-called Fenian leaders, and wondered where a blow would next be struck at England's authority. The funds fell in consequence of the daring deed, and everywhere there was con-

sternation. Rebellious in Ireland were looked upon somewhat as a matter of course, but that the power of England should thus be set at defiance in one of her great cities, was more than the wildest imagination could have possibly conceived. The police in Manchester went about madly and recklessly among the Irish population in search of other victims to wreak their vengeance upon, instead of those who had been so boldly torn from their grasp. When the prisoners were paraded for identification, there was no difficulty in finding witnesses to swear to any of them as having taken an active part in the attack upon the van. In fact, they overshot the mark so palpably that the police authorities from the very testimony of those who professed to identify the men, thought it more prudent to let go some of those they had caught in their net, fearing—so glaringly false was the testimony their witnesses were prepared to give—that there would be danger of a total break-down of the rest of the cases. With regard to the mode of identification, the prisoners when on their trials complained of the grossly unfair way in which it was so managed that individuals could be made so conspicuous as to be easily picked out by those who came to identify them.

The men bore themselves with dignity when brought before the magistrates on the day following the rescue. An English paper says of them—"All the men, particularly Allen, showed remarkable self-possession. Old and young—some of them being heavy shouldered fellows, and others slimly built youths—they bore a striking resemblance to each other in their air of resolution, and what for men in their station and in their present position, might almost be called consummate address." After some evidence was heard in connection with the attack on the van, to show the complicity of the prisoners in the affair, they were remanded for a week.

In the meantime the air was still laden with the cry of baffled rage which nothing but Irish blood, shed

on the scaffold, could satisfy, and fresh victims were eagerly sought out, dragged from their homes, imprisoned and remanded. The police authorities were smarting under the disgrace and humiliation of having allowed Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey to be wrested out of their hands, and therefore every corner of the city was narrowly searched for them, but without avail. They suspected a house in Every Street, Ancoats, as being probably the hiding place of the rescued men, as well as the "Fenian" headquarters. Accordingly a secret expedition to surprise this fancied stronghold was determined upon, and, on the night of Saturday, September 21st, a raid made upon the house by 50 picked men of the police force, armed with Colt's revolvers. They appear to have found somewhat of a mare's nest, as only a man and two women were found on the premises and arrested, although it does not appear that any charge could be brought against them. On the following Thursday, Sept. 26th, the prisoners, strongly manacled, were again brought up before the magistrates. Mr. Ernest Jones, one of the counsels for the defence, strongly and indignantly protested against the cruel and unconstitutional act of putting men into chains before they had as yet been convicted of any offence. The magistrates, however, refused to accede to their counsel's request that the irons should be removed from the prisoner's hands, alledging that the police considered such restraint necessary. Upon this Mr. Jones, with indignant language, threw up his brief and left the court.

After further evidence, the prisoners were again remanded, and brought up from day to day until the sitting of the Special Commission appointed to try them.

The Commission opened on Monday, October 28th, before Judges Blackburn and Mellor. The number of those now placed on their trial was twenty

six, the great bulk of those who had been so wantonly arrested having had to be discharged from time to time for the want of sufficient evidence against them. The names and ages of the twenty six against whom it was thought possible to procure convictions were given as follows on the list of prisoners—William Gould, 30 ; William O'Meara Allen, 19 ; Edward Shore, 27 ; Michael Larkin, 30 ; Charles Moorhouse, 23 ; Patrick Kelly, 35 ; Michael Maguire, 22 ; John Martin, 34 ; John Brannon, 40 ; John Francis Nugent, 22 ; William Martin, 35 ; John Carroll, 24 ; Michael Joseph Boylan, 37 ; Michael Kennedy, 28 ; Thomas Maguire, (of the Royal Marines) 31 ; Henry Wilson, 27 ; John Bacon, 40 ; Patrick Coffey, 27 ; Thomas Ryan, 30 ; William Murphy, 25 ; Thomas Johnson 30 ; Daniel Reddin, 25 ; James O'Brannan Chambers, 29 ; William Brophy, 26 ; Thomas Scally, 22 ; Timothy Featherstone, 30. The grand jury, of which Sir Robert Gerard, an English Catholic, was foreman, returned a true bill for murder against Allen, Larkin, Gould, Thomas Maguire, and Shore. It may here be stated that some of the names given to the police were fictitious, as for instance Allen's second name was not O'Meara, but Philip, while the men set down as William Gould and Edward Shore, were in reality the daring Irish American officers Michael O'Brien and Edward O'Meagher Condon respectively. The prisoners were not manacled on this occasion as they had been when before the magistrates, but were strongly guarded by policemen. The court adjourned to the following day, Tuesday, when Mr. Digby Seymour, one of the counsels for the prisoners, moved for the removal of the indictment to the Central Criminal Court, as Mr. Roberts, one of the solicitors for the prisoners, was prepared to make a solemn declaration that he believed they could not have a fair trial in Lancashire. The application was refused. Evidence of a nature similar to that given before the magistrates was then put in, and in

the meantime the grand jury found true bills for murder against twenty more of the prisoners. The trial of the five men singled out as the principal victims now went on during Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. During this trial the most contradictory evidence was given, the most glaringly false being that against Maguire, who is represented as having borne a most active part in the attack on the van, whereas it was plainly shown afterwards, even to the satisfaction of the Government, that the witnesses who swore against him—the same on whose evidence the other prisoners were convicted—had perjured themselves. The jury at half-past seven on the evening of Friday, November 1st, pronounced the five prisoners, Allen, Larkin, O'Brien, Condon, and Maguire to be GUILTY. On the prisoners being asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them, they each in their turn replied.

Allen was the first to answer, and even the English newspapers acknowledged that the brave youth bore himself with the spirit of a martyr as he spoke. He said :—

“My Lords and Gentlemen—It is not my intention to occupy much of your time in answering your question. Your question is one that can be easily asked, but requires an answer which I am ignorant of. Abler and more eloquent men could not answer it. Where were the men who have stood in the dock—Burke, Emmet, and others, who have stood in the dock in defence of their country? When the question was put, what was their answer? Their answer was null and void. Now, with your permission, I will review a portion of the evidence that has been brought against me.”

Judge Blackburn here interrupted him, saying he had no right to criticise the evidence. After a few more words had passed between them Allen proceeded—

“No man in this court regrets the death of Serjeant Brett more than I do, and I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent, ay, as innocent as any man in the court. I don't say this for the sake of mercy. I want no mercy—I'll have no mercy. I'll die, as many thousands have died, for the sake of their beloved land, and in defence

of it. I will die proudly and triumphantly in defence of republican principles and the liberty of an oppressed and enslaved people. Is it possible we are asked why sentence should be passed on us, on the evidence of prostitutes off the streets of Manchester, fellows out of work, convicted felons—aye, an Irishman sentenced to be hung when an English dog would have got off. I say positively and defiantly, justice has not been done me since I was arrested. If justice had been done me, I would not have been handcuffed at the preliminary investigation in Bridge Street; and in this court justice has not been done me in any shape or form. I was brought up here, and all the prisoners by my side were allowed to wear overcoats, and I was told to take mine off. What is the principal of that? There was something in that principle, and I say positively that justice has not been done me. As for the other prisoners, they can speak for themselves with regard to that matter. And now with regard to the way I have been identified. I have to say that my clothes were kept for four hours by the policemen in Fairfield station, to show to parties to identify me as being one of the perpetrators of this outrage on Hyde-road. Also in Albert station there was a handkerchief kept on my head the whole night, so that I could be identified the next morning in the corridor by the witnesses. I was ordered to leave on the handkerchief for the purpose that the witnesses could more plainly see I was one of the parties who committed the outrage. As for myself, I feel the righteousness of my every act with regard to what I have done in defence of my country. I fear not. I am fearless—fearless of the punishment that can be inflicted on me; and with that, my lords, I have done. (after a moment's pause—)I beg to be excused. One remark more. I return Mr. Seymour and Mr. Jones my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their able eloquence and advocacy on my part in this affray. I wish also to return to Mr. Roberts the very same. My name, sir, might be wished to be known. It is not William O'Meara Allen. My name is William Philip Allen. I was born and reared in Bandon, in the County of Cork, and from that place I take my name; and I am proud of my country, and proud of my parentage. My lords, I have done."

The true hearted earnest artizan, Michael Larkin then spoke. Thoughts of his loving wife and little ones at home no doubt flashed across his mind at this moment, but his courage never failed as he addressed the court in the following words.

"I have only got a word or two to say concerning Serjeant Brett. As my friend here said, no one could regret the man's death as much as I do. With regard to the charge of pistols

and revolvers, and my using them, I call my God to witness that I neither used pistols, revolvers, nor any instrument on that day that would deprive the life of a child, let alone a man. Nor did I go there on purpose to take life away. Certainly, my lords, I do not want to deny that I did go to give aid and assistance to the noble heroes that were confined in that van—Kelly and Deasey. I did go to do as much as lay in my power to extricate them out of their bondage; but I did not go to take life, nor, my lord, did anyone else. It is a misfortune that life was taken; but if it was taken it was not done intentionally, and the man who has taken life we have not got him. I was at the scene of action, when there were over, I dare say, 150 people standing by there where I was. I am very sorry I have to say, my lord, but I thought I had some respectable people to come up as witnesses against me; but I am sorry to say as my friend said. I will make no more remarks concerning that. All I have to say, my lords and gentlemen, is that so far as my trial went, and the way it was conducted, I believe I have got a fair trial. So far as my noble counsel went, they done their utmost in the protection of my life; I believe as the old saying is a true one, what is decreed a man in the page of life he has to fulfil, either on the gallows, drowning, a fair death in bed, or on the battlefield. So I look to the mercy of God. May God forgive all who have sworn my life away. As I am a dying man, I forgive them from the bottom of my heart. God forgive them.

Now came the turn of the man of iron nerve, Michael O'Brien, who had often faced death in battle, and now feared not to meet it here in his country's cause. He spoke as follows:—

"I shall commence by saying that every witness who has sworn anything against me has sworn falsely. I have not had a stone in my possession since I was a boy. I had no pistol in my possession on the day when it is alledged this outrage was committed. You call it an outrage; I don't. I say further, my name is Michael O'Brien. I was born in the County of Cork, and have the honour to be a fellow-parishioner of Peter O'Neal Crowley, who was fighting against the British troops at Michels-town last March, and who fell fighting against British tyranny in Ireland. I am a citizen of the United States of America, and if Charles Francis Adams had done his duty towards me, as he ought to do in this country, I would not be in this dock answering your questions now. Mr. Adams did not come, though I wrote to him. He did not come to see if I could not find evidence to disprove the charge, which I positively could, if he had taken the trouble of sending or coming to see what I could do. I hope the American people will notice that part of the business.

[The prisoner here commenced reading from a paper held in his hand.] The right of man is freedom. The great God has endowed him with affections that he may use, not smother them, and a world that may be enjoyed. Once a man is satisfied he is doing right, and attempts to do anything with that conviction, he must be willing to face all the consequences. Ireland, with beautiful scenery, its delightful climate, its rich and productive lands, is capable of supporting more than treble its population in ease and comfort. Yet no man, except a paid official of the British Government, can say there is a shadow of liberty, that there is a spark of glad life amongst its plundered and persecuted inhabitants. It is to be hoped that its imbecile and tyrannical rulers will be for ever driven from her soil, amidst the execration of the world. How beautifully the aristocrats of England moralise on the despotism of the rulers of Italy and Dahomey—in the case of Naples with what indignation did they speak of the ruin of families by the detention of its head or some loved member in prison. Who have not heard their condemnations of the tyranny that would compel honourable and good men to spend their useful lives in hopeless banishment?"

Here he was interrupted by the judge, who begged him "for his own sake" not to proceed in this strain. Mr. Ernest Jones also appealed to him in a like manner, but O'Brien was determined that his last dying words should ring in the ears of the enemies of his country, even when they had executed their vengeance upon him, and therefore continued:—

"They cannot find words to express their horrors of the cruelties of the King of Dahomey because he sacrificed 2,000 human beings yearly, but why don't those persons who pretend such virtuous indignation at the misgovernment of other countries look at home and see if greater crimes than those they charge against other governments are not committed by themselves or by their sanction? Let them look at London, and see the thousands that want bread there, while those aristocrats are rioting in luxuries and crimes. Look to Ireland; see the hundreds of thousands of its people in misery and want. See the virtuous, beautiful, and industrious women who only a few years ago—aye, and yet—are obliged to look at their children dying for want of food. Look at what is called the majesty of the law on one side, and the long deep misery of a noble people on the other. Which are the young men of Ireland to respect—the law that murders or banishes their people, or the means to resist relentless tyranny and ending their miseries for ever under a home government? I need not answer that question here. I trust the Irish

people will answer it to their satisfaction soon. I am not astonished at my conviction. The government of this country have the power of convicting any person. They appoint the judge; they choose the jury; and by means of what they call patronage (which is the means of corruption) they have the power of making the laws to suit their purposes. I am confident that my blood will rise a hundredfold against the tyrants who think proper to commit such an outrage. In the first place, I say I was identified improperly, by having chains on my hands and feet at the time of identification, and thus the witnesses who have sworn to my throwing stones and firing a pistol have sworn to what is false, for I was, as those ladies said, at the jail gates. I thank my counsel for their able defence, and also Mr. Roberts for his attention to my case."

As the unfortunate man Thomas Maguire rose and stated in simple words the reason why he should not be sentenced to death, even then the judges, jury and witnesses must have felt the bitterest pangs of conscience, for they must have known that every word he said was the simple truth, and that he was really what he described himself, a soldier of the Queen, having no knowledge whatever of Fenianism or its professors. But conscience must be drowned, and the innocent man must be allowed to be sacrificed, lest perchance the other prisoners who had been convicted on the same evidence should escape.

Edward O'Meagher Condon now in his turn spoke, delivering the following able address:—

"My Lords—This has come on me somewhat by surprise. It appeared to me rather strange that upon any amount of evidence, which of course was false, a man could have been convicted of wilfully murdering others he never saw or heard of before he was put in prison. I do not care to detain your lordships, but I cannot help remarking that Mr. Shaw, who has come now to gloat upon his victims, after having sworn away their lives—that man has sworn what is altogether false; and there are contradictions in the depositions which have not been brought before your lordships' notice. I suppose the depositions being imperfect, there was no necessity for it. As to Mr. Batty, he swore at his first examination before the magistrates that a large stone fell on me, a stone which Mr. Roberts said at the time would have killed an elephant. But not the slightest mark was found on my head: and if I was to go round the country, and him with me, as exhibiting

the stone having fallen on me, and him the man who would swear to it, I do not know which would be looked for with the most earnestness. However, it has been accepted by the jury. Now he says he only thinks so. There is another matter to consider. I have been sworn to, I believe, by some of the witnesses who have also sworn to others, though some of them can prove they were in another city altogether—in Liverpool. Others have an overwhelming *alibi*, and I should by right have been tried with them; but I suppose your lordships cannot help that. We have, for instance, Thomas, the policeman, who swore to another prisoner. He identified him on a certain day, and the prisoner was not arrested for two days afterwards. As for Thomas, I do not presume that any jury could believe him. He had heard of the blood-money, and of course was prepared to bid pretty high for it. My *alibi* has not been strong, and unfortunately I was not strong in pocket, and was not able to produce more testimony to prove where I was at exactly that time. With regard to the unfortunate man who has lost his life, I sympathise with him and his family as deeply as your lordships or the jury, or any one in the court. I deeply regret the unfortunate occurrence, but I am as perfectly innocent of his blood as any man. I never had the slightest intention of taking life. I have done nothing at all in connection with that man, and I do not desire to be accused of a murder which I have not committed. With regard to another matter, my learned counsel has, no doubt for the best, expressed some opinions on these matters and the misgovernment to which my country has been subjected. I am firmly convinced there is prejudice in the minds of the people, and it has been increased and excited by the newspapers, or by some of them, and to a certain extent has influenced the minds of the jury to convict the men standing in this dock, on a charge of which—a learned gentleman remarked few nights since—they would be acquitted if they had been charged with murdering an old woman for the sake of the money in her pocket, but a political case of this kind they could not. Now, sir, with regard to the opinions I hold on national matters—with regard to those men who have been released from the van, in which, unfortunately life was lost, I am of opinion that certainly to some extent there was an excuse. Perhaps it was unthought, but if those men had been in other countries, occupying other positions—if Jefferson Davis had been released in a northern city, there would have been a cry of applause throughout all England. If Garibaldi, who I saw before I was shut out from the world, had been arrested, was released, or something of that kind had taken place, they would have applauded the bravery of the act. If the captives of King Theodore had been released, that too would have been applauded. But as it happened to be in England, of

course it is an awful thing, while yet in Ireland murders are perpetrated on unoffending men, as in the case of the riots in Waterford, where an unoffending man was murdered, and no one was punished for it. I do not desire to detain your lordships. I can only say that I leave this world without a stain on my conscience that I have been wilfully guilty of anything in connexion with the death of Serjeant Brett. I am totally guiltless. I leave this world without malice to anyone. I do not accuse the jury, but I believe they were prejudiced. I don't accuse them of wilfully wishing to convict, but prejudice has induced them to convict when they otherwise would not have done. With reference to the witnesses every one of them has sworn falsely. I never threw a stone or fired a pistol; I was never at the place, as they have said; it is all totally false. But as I have to go before my God, I forgive them. They will be able to meet me, some day, before that God who is to judge us all, and then they and the people in this court, and everyone will know who tells the truth. Had I committed anything against the crown of England, I would have scorned myself had I attempted to deny it; but with regard to those men, they have sworn what is altogether false. Had I been an Englishman and arrested near the scene of that disturbance, I would have been brought as a witness to identify them; but, being an Irishman, it was supposed my sympathy was with them, and on suspicion of that sympathy I was arrested, and in consequence of the arrest, and the rewards which were offered, I was identified. It could not be otherwise. As I said before, my opinions on national matters do not at all relate to the case before your lordships. We have been found guilty, and, as a matter of course, we accept our death as gracefully as possible. We are not afraid to die—at least I am not."

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," promptly and proudly cried his companions, when Condon continued:—

"I have no sin or stain upon me; and I leave this world at peace with all. With regard to the other prisoners who are to be tried afterwards, I hope our blood at least will satisfy the craving for it. I hope our blood will be enough, and those men who I honestly believe are guiltless of the blood of that man—that the other batches will get a fair, free and more impartial trial. We view matters in a different light from what the jury do. We have been imprisoned, and have not had the advantage of understanding exactly to what this excitement has led. I can only hope and pray that this prejudice will disappear—that my poor country will right herself some day, and that her people, so far from being looked upon with scorn and aversion, will receive what they are entitled to, the respect, not only of the civilised

world, but of Englishmen. I, too, am an American citizen, and on English territory I have committed no crime which makes me amenable to the crown of England. I have done nothing; and, as a matter of course I did expect protection—as this gentleman (pointing to Allen) has said, the protection of the Ambassador of my government. I am a citizen of the State of Ohio; but I am sorry to say my name is not Shore. My name is Edward O'Meagher Condon. I belong to Ohio, and there are loving hearts there that will be sorry for this. I have nothing but my best wishes to send them, and my best feelings, and assure them I can die as a Christian and an Irishman; and that I am not ashamed or afraid of anything I have done, or the consequences, before God or man. They would be ashamed of me if I was in the slightest degree a coward, or concealed my opinions. The unfortunate divisions of our countrymen in America have, to a certain extent, neutralised the efforts that we have made either in one direction or another for the liberation of our country. All these things have been thwarted, and as a matter of course we must only submit to our fate. I only trust again, that those who are to be tried after us will have a fair trial, and that our blood will satisfy the craving which I understand exists. You will soon send us before God, and I am perfectly prepared to go. I have nothing to regret, or to retract, or take back. I can only say, GOD SAVE IRELAND."

The now memorable words had scarcely escaped his lips when they were repeated by his companions proudly and defiantly—"God Save Ireland" they cried in that English dock, with the shadow of death already lowering over them. When the excitement occasioned by this outburst of feeling had somewhat subsided, Condon again proceeded:—

"I wish to add a word or two. There is nothing in the close of my political career which I regret. I don't know of one act which could bring me the blush of shame to my face, or make me afraid to meet my God or fellow-man. I would be most happy, and nothing would give me greater pleasure, than to die on the field for my country in defence of her liberty. As it is, I cannot die on the field, but I can die on the scaffold, I hope, as a soldier, a man, and a Christian."

Judge Mellor then expressed himself as fully concurring in the justice of the verdict which had been recorded against them, and pronounced on the prisoners the sentence of DEATH.

They never quailed as they listened to their doom,

and as they were leaving the dock they greeted the few friendly faces they saw, saying—"God be with you Irishmen and Irishwomen." As they passed from the dock they again raised the defiant cry "God save Ireland." That cry went forth from England's court of justice (?) and was breathed that night in many an Irish home in Manchester, ere it was taken up by stern men and tearful women through the towns of England. "God Save Ireland" was wafted across the sea and repeated by millions of voices in Ireland, and echoed back by Irishmen in every land, until it has now become at once the watchword and the prayer for their country's coming resurrection.

CHAPTER V. THE THREE MARTYRS.



OF the twenty-six men put upon their trials at the opening of the Commission, five were, as we have seen, sentenced to death, fourteen were discharged, while the following seven were sentenced to five years penal servitude—John Carroll, Chas. Moorhouse, Daniel Reddin, Thomas Scally, William Murphy, John Brannon, and Timothy Featherstone. Maguire, the marine, was pardoned, it being apparent after the few days delirium of the English people had subsided, that the evidence against him (which also helped to convict the other prisoners) was grossly false. After this the life of Edward O'Meagher Condon was also spared, for no other reason, that anyone could see, but that he was an American born citizen. It was now thought that surely the other three men would never be executed on evidence that had so utterly broken down. It would seem, however, that the authorities feared to deprive the savage populace altogether of their promised feast of blood, and therefore *some* Irishman must die. The last scene of the Manchester tragedy was accordingly fixed for Saturday, November 23rd, 1867, at Salford gaol.

A strong military force was poured into the city, and on the eve of the dread scene the rabble began to take up their positions to be in time next morning to gloat over the death of the Irish martyrs, just as the Pagan Romans of old went to the Amphitheatre to witness the dying struggles of the early Christians. Again and again was the stillness of the night broken by the brutal shouts and choruses which they chaunted, as the Indian does the death-song of his victim tied to the stake.

Far different was the scene within the walls where the brave Christian patriots slept their last sleep tranquilly, and like men who had made their peace with God. At a quarter to five in the morning, they were roused from their repose to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. At eight o'clock they were led forth to die, attended by the priests of the church to give them the consolations of religion in their last moments. They met their death like men, conscious they were yielding up their lives for a holy cause. Allen was first led out on the scaffold in view of the rabble. After him came O'Brien, who tenderly kissed his companion and whispered in his ear what were no doubt words of encouragement. Larkin was now led on, and to him also O'Brien whispered in like manner. The three martyrs in the face of that multitude of foes now offered up their last prayer—"Lord Jesus have mercy on us," when the fatal bolt was withdrawn and the sacrifice consummated.

Their DEATH, which was intended to strike terror into the heart of Ireland, was in truth the LIFE of Irish freedom, for even the coldest hearts now glowed with that spirit of patriotism which has never yet been subdued in our country and NEVER WILL, for—

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Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand."

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22 Paternoster Row, E.C., LONDON

An Irish Village Industry.



DONAGHMORE, TYRONE.

IN this village is carried on the manufacture of Soap from plant ashes in the way it was made 100 years ago. When soda began to be made from salt, by treating it with vitriol, the manufacturers of M'CLINTON'S SOAP continued to make it in the old way.

Prof. Kirk, of Edinburgh, says of it in his Papers on Health:—

"There is something in the composition of this Soap which makes it astonishingly curative and most agreeable on the skin. Lather made from it, instead of drying and so far burning the skin of those using it, has the most soothing and delightful effect."

We will send 3 tablets of Toilet Soap, a cake of exquisite Shaving Soap, or a tablet of Tooth Soap (which is quite free from the nauseous taste of caustic soda), to anyone who sends us 1s.

With these we send FREE a pretty enamelled tin Match-holder, representing a cottage fire-side in this Irish Village.

We guarantee this Soap to prevent chapped hands and will return the money to any user of it who suffers from them.

DEPARTMENT A.

D. BROWN & SON, Ltd.